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A SEVENTH
LETTER
TO THE
PEOPLE of ENGLAND.

UPON

Political-Writing, True-Patriotism, Jacobitism, and evil and corrupt Adm---ns.

Fear none of those Things, which thou shalt suffer : behold the Devil shall cast some of you into Prison, that ye may be tried ; and ye shall have Tribulation ten Days : be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life.

REV. Chap. ii. Ver. 10.

L O N D O N :

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THE SEVENTH
LETTER
TO THE

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND



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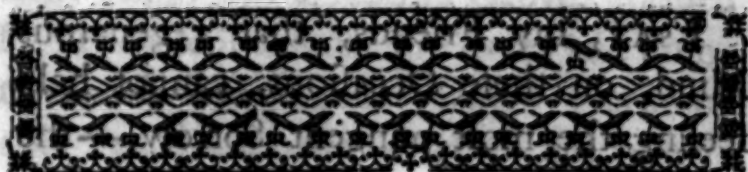
Rev. Chas. H. Van der
Crommelin.

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M. DCCCLXXII.

[of the Society and its Officers]

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A SEVENTH
LETTER, &c.

NOTHING can give more real
 N Concern to a sincere and well-
 meaning Man, whose whole
 Time is employ'd in the Service
 of his Country, than to find that all his
 Endeavours, in that noble Cause, are tra-
 duced, blacken'd, and aspersed;—that his
 most upright and honest Intentions are
 wrested to the worst of Purposes;—and
 that all his Writings in behalf of Liberty and
 Property, are misrepresented, as proceeding
 either from an ambitious Desire of Exalt-
 ing himself above the rest of his Fellow-
 Subjects, or, from a mean but obstinate
 Spirit of rank Sedition.

I SAY, my Friends, that a generous Mind, on these Occasions, cannot help feeling the most pungent Sorrow,—the most heart-breaking Grief.—For though I am well assured, that the original Authors and Propagaters of such malevolent and illiberal Calumny, are a Set of envious and illiterate Dunces, Time-serving Block-heads, the corrupt Hirelings of Faction and Slavery ;—yet, I well know, that the good People of *England*, in general, are so very liable to be imposed upon by Effrontery, false Facts and plausible Speeches, that a True Patriot, when once these Wretches begin to meddle with his Character, cannot enjoy that Ease of Thought, that Tranquility of Mind, which conscious Merit, unmolested, never fails to afford.

OFTEN has it happened that Great Men, when they have perceived with what Profusion these Bug-bears of Authority constantly bestow their Filth on exalted Characters, have taken Umbrage, and in a Fit of just Indignation, left the dirty Town, with all its vile Seducements, and retired to
some

some lonely but agreeable Grove, formed by benevolent Nature for sweet and uninterrupted Meditation; where Harmony and Peace eternally dwell; and where Malice, Envy, Detraction, and Scandal, find no Admittance.

HAPPY indeed, in the Enjoyment of Virtue and Truth, two invaluable Blessings, whose constant Followers are Calmness of Mind and Equability of Temper; so much sought after by the Generality of Mankind, and by so few discovered! But, O my Friends, where is the PATRIOT fled?—where the Defender of his Country's Cause?—where the Glorious CATO?—Alas!—he is no more!—Entomb'd in an obscure Village, amidst the venerable Sages of Antiquity;—he's dead to the World,—dead to his Country;—dead to Mankind.

THUS sometimes Villany carries the Day,—Vice rides triumphant,—and Liberty sinks beneath the Weight of Oppression.

FOR

For my own Part, I must candidly confess, that my Notions of Patriotism do not intirely agree with those of the above *Great Men*. Nay, I may say, that they are diametrically opposite.——For it was always my Opinion, and always will be, that a truly Eminent Patriot should stand firm against all the Attacks of base and intriguing Men; that he should oppose their iniquitous Measures with all his Might; and, that he should endeavour, by a bold and resolute Behaviour, to overcome all Difficulties, conquer all Oppositions, and prove himself, what he really is, a strenuous Advocate for Liberty, a bold Defender of Property, and a staunch Enemy to the Encroachments of the Prerogative.

THESE, my Friends, are my real Sentiments upon what a Great Man ought to do, when Affairs are thus situated, or, if I may be allowed the Expression, which I think much stronger, in a Parallellarity of Circumstances.——And certainly no honest, wise, and learned Man, except he
be

be a Native of *Scotland*, can possibly be of a contrary Opinion.

THIS I know, that I am firmly resolved to adhere closely to these noble Tenets. — And although my Patriotism has been termed Villany, my real Love for my Country, Self-Interest, and my Writings in Defence of Liberty, open Rebellion; yet am I determined never to relinquish your Cause; but, on the contrary, to watch over your Liberties, with the same cautious Eye as ever; to inform you how the Affairs of the Nation are carried on, and how the large Sums, which you have so chearfully and so generously granted, have been applied.

YES, my Friends, I will write, in Spight of all they can do. — Nothing shall damp my great Soul. — 'Twas in the Cause of *Liberty* that I engaged. — The most glorious of all Causes. — In it will I persevere. — Not the Frowns of Power, or the Blandishments of Wealth, shall stagger me. — Not all the Blessings that this terrestrial Globe can afford shall affect

fect me.—No ; the Man who supinely waits the Event of Fortune, and remains a dastardly Spectator, or embarks in a good Cause and deserts it, is a Rascal.

—

WITH these generous Sentiments,—and with this manly Elocution,—and with this heavenly Diction, will I continue to be Your Protector, Your Patron, Your Guardian Angel.—And I doubt not, O my good People of *England*, that I shall be able shortly to prove, that those same *Persons* who have called my Patriotism in question, are arrant Villains,—those who disputed my love for my Country, Self-interested Scoundrels,—and those who have traduced and bespattered my Writings, open Rebels, I say that I am not only certain of proving what I have just now asserted, but likewise that the Author of this Letter is the most Amiable, Great, Good, and shining Character that ever illumined this Northern Hemisphere.

—

BENEVOLENT Fame has done me Justice, and trumpeted my Applause both Far and Near.—All the Nations of the

Earth

Earth admire and reverence.—Ask *France*, ask *Italy*, ask *Spain*, ask *Germany*, ask *Holland*, in short, ask all the World, what it thinks of the renowned, the famous, the immortal Author of these seven Letters? Your Answer will be, that he is a *second Demosthenes*.—No, faith, I mistake, Your answer will be, that he is *greater than Demosthenes*, greater than *Marcus*, greater than *Tully*, greater than *Cicero*! that there never was his Superior, or scarce his Equal! — that he is the Father of his Country, and the Protector of its Rights! — that he is the Promoter of Trade and Commerce, the Encourager of *British* Manufactures, and the Patron of Arts and Sciences! — That he is every thing that's Good and Great! — In short, that he is an Aggregate of all the Virtues!

Thus says the Generallity of the World, and what the Generallity of the World says, no one, in his Senses, will pretend to dispute.

You see, my Friends, how I am esteemed, praised, and admired.—You see

B

how

how I am held in Veneration by all Men.
 —O the Charms of Patriotism!—O the
 Happiness it brings!—It diffuses itself in
 Beams of everlasting Light all around me!
 —I am enraptured! — My Mind is ele-
 vated beyond Expression! — A divine
 Impulse actuates me! — Thrice Happy
England! — Thrice happy People of
England! — Whose Liberties are upheld
 by so illustrious, so noble, so great, so
 good a Man! — Whilst he defends your
 Rights, Oppression grows dim, Bribery
 and Corruption lose their Vigor, Vice and
 Falshood become languid and effete, Ig-
 norance and Impiety die away! — Then
 does Liberty, Virtue, Truth, Wisdom,
 and Religion exert their full Force. —
 Then is the Island blest'd! — Then are
 you happy!

Pardon, my Friends, this Exclamati-
 on, which proceeded from conscious Su-
 periority. — from an inward Conviction
 of real Greatness. — But I'll humble my
 towering Ideas, and endeavour to adapt
 myself to your Conceptions.

I KNOW that my honest Countrymen are generally of a phlegmatic Disposition; that they are rigid Philosophers, deep Reasoners and Enemies, when upon serious Subjects, to the Embellishments of Fancy.—I'll curb my fertile Imagination.—Judgment and sound Logic shall guide my Pen.

By all that I have hitherto said, you may plainly perceive that I am a very great Patriot, and that I have nothing more at Heart than the Good of my Country.—That I condemn those Persons who give up your Cause, and retire from Business meerly because they meet with a little ill Usage; and that I am resolved not to pursue their Steps, but continue your Protector, in Spight of the utmost Efforts of Power.

I MAKE no Doubt but *Some* of You will be astonished at my *Fortitude*, and wonder how I shall be able to withstand the many Oppositions which I must unavoidably meet with in the Pursuit of this
glorious

glorious Enterprize.—— But to a noble Soul, like mine, nothing appears difficult, nothing impracticable, nothing but what may easily be surmounted.

ON the contrary, I know that *Others* will be simple enough to term this courageous Design, Imprudence, and swear it is Madness to attempt the Conflict, when the Powers are so unequal.—But I think, my Friends, after the Reasons I have given you, that it would be the greatest Piece of Folly I could possibly be guilty of, to leave you in the Lurch, and cease to be a Patriot.—No; I abhor the Thought.

BESIDE, I have two Reasons against it, which I have not divulged, and which, I am certain, you will think very forcible ones,——The first, that it is my *real Interest* to stay amongst you and be a Patriot.——The second, that if I do not stay amongst you and be a Patriot, *I may retire into the Country and starve*. If this is not sound Logic, I am sure I don't know a Syllogism in *Baralipon* from one in *Barbara*.

THUS

THUS you see, O my Friends, how necessary it is for me to love my Country, to be a Patriot, —a public spirited Writer. —But *a propos*, If, after all the fine things I have been saying, we should differ in our Ideas of Patriotism !——I may preach on without being understood. ——Permit me to remove this Stumbling-Block, by informing you what a True Patriot really is.

Idea of a True Patriot.

A TRUE PATRIOT is a Man who has an unbounded Love for his Country ; that is to say, so far as it co-incides with his own Interest.——He sticks at nothing, be it ever so mean or vicious, which he thinks may be beneficial to the Publick, and *serviceable to himself*.——He is always of some Party or *Faction*, though he never keeps long to Any ; but shifts and changes, as best suits his own Views.——He ever rails at the Government, and *sometimes* at the ———. ——— He is always against the present Ministers, and never fails to represent *Every Measure* they take as prejudicial to the Community.——

He

is continually terrifying the People with false Alarms; assuring them that their Liberty is lost, and their Country ruin'd.--- He raves, storms, swears, cringes, fawns, and praises, all in the same Breath.--- He is a great Philosopher, and possessed of such admirable Moderation, that he suffers himself to be kick'd out of every Coffee-House in Town, without being discomposed, or shewing the least Resentment.--- He is the Hireling and Hackney-Writer of every petty Bookseller, that chuses to employ him.--- He libels all Great Men, writes seditious Pamphlets, and abuses every one that pretends to criticise them.--- Thus he continues, Writing and Railing, 'till a *Post* or a *Pillory*, the ultimate Objects of his Wishes, effectually put an End to his glorious and never-enough-to-be-admired *Patriotism*.

THIS is the Character --- This the noble Character, O my good People of *England*, that I have appeared in for some Years,--- In which I have written several Letters to you.--- In which I have asserted

asserted your Rights and Privileges.—

And I will venture to say, that *such a Patriot* deserves the Applause of the whole World.—'Tis true—I have had it.—

The Lustre and Glory of my immortal Orations have extorted it from all.—All

—except a few growling, mean, low, vile, rank, lousy, itchy, pocky, vicious, dirty, venal, corrupt, depraved, envious, partial, foolish, idle, shabby, ragged, beggarly, dastardly, cowardly, rascally, ignorant, thick-skull'd, blockheaded, illiterate, illiberal, scandalous, slanderous, malicious, malignant, malevolent, black-guard, noxious, seditious, rebellious, water-gruel, sneaking, bullying, swearing, lying, cursing, whoring, drinking, scribbling, farting, stinking, *Scotch Gentlemen-Critics*.

Yes, my Friends, none but such Men as these, have denied me that just Applause, which is due to superior Merit!—But I'll be even with them.—By all that's Good I will!—They shall feel the Bitterness of my Anger!—I'll work 'em.—I have sworn Revenge!—Indeed,

deed, had it not been for a damn'd Mis-
 chance, by which *one of our Universities*
 got clapp'd into the K—g's-B—ch P—n,
 the Work, which I promised, in the
 Appendix to my *Occasional Critic*, would
 have appeared on the First of February,
 its proper Time.— That would have
 crush'd 'em.—That would have done for
 'em.—Aye, and for the *Monthly Reviewers*
 too !—who, under the *Rose* be it spoken,
 I hate as much as I do the Devil, or any
Scotch Critic of them all.—I should
 then have rescued *Learning* from the
 Hands of such mercenary *Scribblers*.—
 Criticised with *Candour*, and applauded
 with Zeal—not Partiality—all
 Works of true Merit.—No verbal
 Criticism would have employed my—
 I mean the Pen of the *Gentlemen of one of*
our Universities.—*Arts and Sciences*
 would have found that *Illustration*, which
 they never can meet with from any other
 Pen.—The *Belles Lettres* would have
 been discussed with *Taste and Judgment*.—
Politics would no longer have been *man-*
gled by the *North British Reviewers*, but
 found that *Asylum*, they have so long cal-
 led

led aloud for in the *Republic of Letters*.—*Philosophy* would have again rear'd its Head, and like a *second Newton*, I should have shewn anew the Planetary World.

ALL these things would that *glorious Work* have accomplish'd.—That Work, which as I have said before, would have appeared on the first of *February*,—if it had not been for dire Misfortunes, unforeseen Misfortunes, which, alas! detained all the *Gentlemen of one of our Universities* in the *K---g's B---ch P---n*, for want of Sureties!—But *it shall* appear,—some Time or other,—when proper *B---l* is got,—if there is any to be found.—It shall make its tremendous Appearance; and thunder forth its Vengeance on *all my Enemies*.

—PARDON this Digression, which I was naturally led into, by the Envy and Malice of these *Scotch Gentlemen Critics*.—But I'll be more sparing for the future;—though I must own that Digressions, when properly introduced, have their Beauties.

PERHAPS, my good People of *England*, you may have observed, in the Course of these *Seven Letters*, a little Confusion, some Imparrallellarities, Grammar generally overturned, *English* constantly falsified, and never any Sort of Regard paid to Order or Method.—But give us leave to tell you, that *We Great Men*, scorn to confine ourselves to such pedantic Regularities, to such grammatical Niceties.—No;—unshackled and unfettered (for it would be the veriest Nonsense in the World, for Men, who write in Defence of *Liberty*, to suffer themselves to be *enslaved* by barbarous Rule) we give loose to our Ideas, and write just what comes uppermost,—happen as it will,—Right or Wrong,—Though I must own, that once I went a little too far, and, in a very excellent Work, fairly clapped the Introduction at the End.—But it passed.—No one perceived the Blunder.—It sold well,—and that's all I was anxious about.—No, my Friends, we leave such ridiculous Punctilios, such nonsensical *Grammaticallities*, to be observed by *Patch-work Makers*, *literary Taylors* and
critical

critical Reviewers!—Animals that can soar no higher.

I THOUGHT it necessary to say thus much by way of Apology, for those numberless Inaccuracies the delicate Reader may discover in these Epistles,—and at the same Time to let him know, I err, not through Ignorance but Pride.—Like the great *Shakespear*, I cannot submit to correct those mighty *Flights*, which as a Torrent bear before them, Reason,—Argument,—Truth and Judgment ;—with *Shakespear* too, my Faults have their Beauties.—If I err in Grammar, a false Concord gives Harmony to the Line.—If Tautology obtrude,—Repetition adds Nerve to the Diction.—Even a Slip of Memory, or what severe Criticism may call *flat Contradiction* is not without its Elegance.—It is—*placing an Image in opposite Lights*.

BUT I know, you my good Countrymen, forgive all Peccadillos of the Pen that is employed in so good a Cause.—The Champion of his Country passes uncensured for the neighing of his Horse,

though it interrupt the Word of command.
The Figure is easy, though uncommon.

AFTER this Declaration, you are not to be surpris'd, my dearest Friends, that you find no sort of Regularity in these my Discourses.—That you perceive some Passages at the Beginning, which might with more Propriety be placed at the End.—And others scattered here and there, which have no sort of Connection with the Subjects I am treating of.—I say you are not to be surpris'd at these Things, after the Declaration I have made.—It is my Way of writing.—I would not alter it for the World.—It adds Strength and Beauty to Argument.—I glory in it.—Aye, indeed I do, let the *Scotch Critics* say what they will.

I shall now proceed to Business,—to shew you what is Right, what Wrong, what Good, what Bad,—and to inform you of those Things which you did not know before.

BEWARE

BEWARE, my good People of *England*,
beware, of *the Liberty of the Press*.—That
Corner Stone of all your Rights and Privi-
leges.—Take Care you preserve it whole
and entire.—Take Care it staggers not,
for on it depends your future Freedom and
Safety.—Think of it well, O ye People of
England, and know, that Slavery and Beg-
gary wait its Dissolution!—But lest you
should be ignorant how your real Interests
are connected with this invaluable Blessing,
so much talked of, and so little understood,
I shall in this Place inform you what *the*
Liberty of the Press really is, and how far
it extends.

Know then, my Friends, that the Liber-
ty of the Press, as I define it, is *the Liberty*
of *Publishing our Thoughts, or Sentiments,*
upon any Subject whatsoever.—Though
there have been some Persons, eminent
for Learning, and Love of Liberty, that
have pretended to confine it principally to
two; namely, *Government and Religion.**

For
* *Vide the CRAFTSMAN, Vol. I. by Caleb D'An-*
vers, Esq; a Gentleman to whom I am much indebted
for many excellent *Hints, striking Reflections, &c.*

which

For, *say they*, " As the public Welfare of
 " every Nation depends intirely on these
 " two great Articles, so they are the only
 " Points on which any Tyrant or arbitrary
 " Prince would desire to restrain our
 " Thoughts. We meet with no Instance,
 " in History, of any Nation, where the
 " Subjects are prohibited from writing on
 " Matters of Indifference and Speculation;
 " or venting the Productions of their
 " idle Hours. The most slavish Nations,
 " where any Degree of Learning prevails,
 " abound, as much as ours, with Books of
 " mere Entertainment and Diversion; as
 " we may observe in *France, Italy and Spain*,
 " where there is no Prohibition of Plays,
 " Novels, Love-Letters, Travels, and Ro-
 " mances." -- But notwithstanding all these
 Reasons, which I must confess, carry the
 Semblance of sound Logic with them;
 yet, am I resolutely determined to stick to
my own Definition, as 'tis generally my Way;
 and I doubt not but every one of you, my
 * which my Readers may find *interspers'd* in the Course
 of these Letters; particularly in the *Sixth*, where by an
 unpardonable Neglect, I omitted to *quote him through-*
out the whole.

good

good and honest Countrymen, will agree with me, *that it is the Best*.---But to proceed;---*By this Liberty*, which every *Free-born Subject*, consequently every *Englishman* has a Right to enjoy, we have an Opportunity of *publickly* finding Fault with every Step that is taken, by the Directors of the Helm,----of reviling *all Persons* in Authority; --- of representing them as *Thieves* and *Betrayers* of their Country,--- and of raising the *Indignation* and *Hatred* of the *People*, against what *We*, for various Reasons, best known to ourselves *and our Bookseller*, think proper to term, *evil* and *corrupt* Ad-----ns.---*By it*, we have an unlimited Power to attempt the Subversion of the established Laws and Religion of our Country,---to kindle Commotions and raise Seditions among the People,---to disturb the public Tranquility as much as possible,---to destroy the Reputation of our Neighbours, by insulting their personal Frailties, Misfortunes and Defects,---to satisfy our private Pique, or Resentment, against any particular Person, by exposing the Secrets of his Family to public Laughter and Ridicule.---“ In
“ short,

“ short, my Friends, where this Liberty
 “ prevails, Every Author has a Right to
 “ print and publish whatever *Abuse* and
 “ *Scandal* he thinks proper; without
 “ asking any body Leave, and without
 “ fearing the least Molestation from Per-
 “ sons in Authority.”

Such, O my good People of *England*,
 is the Glorious *Liberty of the Press*! A Li-
 berty which *You*, in some measure, may
 be said to enjoy;—and let me advise you
 to watch carefully over it,——but I know
 you will;—for I am certain, after what I
 have just said, that you must be fully con-
 vinced how intimately connected it is with
All your Rights and Privileges.——That
They must *Stand* or *Fall* with it.——
 That your future Prosperity depends in-
 tirely upon it.——In a few Words, That if
 ever it should be abolished, which I sin-
 cerely pray may never happen, you will
 then cease to be a *Free People*, and in lieu
 thereof, become a parcel of abject, mean,
 and ignominious *Slaves*.

I HAVE particular Reasons to be very
 anxious

anxious concerning this glorious Privilege, which, for my Sake, I beg you will take Care of.——Did it not subsist in the manner it does, perhaps, my Immortal Orations would have never seen the Day, but have rotted in Oblivion.——For I am apprehensive that a *Licenser of the Press*, were there such a Person, which I hope *England* will never see, would make some Difficulty of affixing his *Imprimatur* to any of my Works.——And if this were the Case, what an irreparable Loss would you and your Posterity sustain?——No Letters to the People of *England*!——No Great Characters traduced!——No Ministers blacken'd!——No real Facts misrepresented!——No Gentlemen *Scotch Critics* abused!——Oh!——I can't bear the Thought.——I'm all on Fire!——I shall go mad!——Hah!——A Bailiff's Follower!——Avaunt Villain!——No——I'm mistaken,——'tis my Printer's Devil just come for this Sheet.——I am a Man again!——The Liberty of the Press subsists in all its Glory, notwithstanding the additional Tax.——My *Seventh Letter* will be published, read, and admired.—

D

My

My Patriotism will shine forth in all its Splendor.-----Once more shall I be acknowledged the *Protector* of my Country.

BEWARE, O my good People of *England*, beware of Continental Connections, ~~H~~ Harpies, and foreign Allies.---Have nothing to do with them.---Cast them from you.---reject them.---despise them.---laugh at them.---deride them.---If you cherish them, they'll be your Destruction.---Remember I tell you so.---Do as I bid you,---'tis your best and only way.---If you follow not this Advice, you're a lost People,---ruin'd and undone.

ENGLAND, by being an Island, (which I was well assured of, the other Day, by a Gentleman eminent for his Skill in Geography,) stands in need of no foreign Assistance.---In itself centers all the Necessaries, I might even add, the Luxuries of Life.---Ay, and in such abundance, as not only plentifully to furnish its own Inhabitants, but likewise those of the greatest Part of the World, if they stood in need of them.---Why then should

we

we court foreign Powers?----Why humble ourselves before the Pride of ambitious Monarchs?----Why seek for that we do not want?----For Shame, People of *England*, rouse from the Lethargy you have so long labour'd under!--Exert yourselves,----know your real Interest,----notwithstanding Evil A---ns, you still are a great and powerful People.--Value yourselves accordingly:----Cringe to no foreign Prince.----Suffer no Insult to be offer'd you, without *severely* punishing whatever *Court* might attempt it; should it be even *Spain* itself.----Humble the Vanity of growing States, and teach them to dread the Puissance of *England*.----Oblige the most potent Kings to bow before the Throne of thy Glory.----Render conspicuous to all the World, the Force of thy Naval Power, and insist upon your M---s letting the Continent go to the *Devil*.

FOLLOW this Advice, and no People, upon the Face of the Earth, can stand in Competition with you.--They will not attempt it.--You will be happy beyond Expression.---Follow this Advice, and your

Children's Children will bless you, revere you, and adore you. But on the contrary, if you reject it, you will be reduced to the lowest Degree of Shame and Misery.—

All the Nations of the Earth will despise you, and the Curses of your Posterity will attend you.

MIND well, O my good People of *England*! what I have said, and likewise what I shall think proper to add; for on my Eloquence, and that alone, depends your future Welfare. — Remember that it is *Demosthenes delivering his Orations to the People of Athens!*

BEWARE then, of *New Taxes*, for they are grievous Things, and generally encumber a Nation.—Therefore take care of them.—Before you do.—If you could get the *Old Ones* abolished, it would not be amiss.—you would live more comfortably.—But this I despair of, and am afraid that you must be content to pay fourteen Shillings in the Pound, at least, whilst the War lasts.—But as for *New Ones*, I am in great Hopes that none will
be

be *imposed* upon you.—Ay, indeed, I am in very great Hopes.—You really cannot bear them; for were they to go on continually encreasing, as they have done of late Years, you soon would be oblig'd to pay *Four and Twenty Shillings in the Pound!*

—Perhaps this may appear somewhat *strange* to you.—Indeed it borders a little upon the *Incredible*, though 'tis nevertheless true.—Remember that *I* tell you so, *I* who am the *greatest Patriot*, and most *refined Politician* in *England*.—

After this, I expect that you will believe it, implicitly believe it, and take it upon my bare *ipse dixit*, as you have done several other Things, of a similar Nature, without enquiring any further concerning them.

BEWARE of Engrossers, Foretellers, and Regrators, for they are a pernicious Set of People, and consequently detrimental to Society.—Detect them in all their evil and collusive Dealings.—Bring them before the Throne of Justice, and let them be punished according to their Demerits.—If you do these Things, you will deliver
Society

Society of the greatest Pests that ever infected it.

I AM certain, O my good People of *England*, that you must now be convinced of the Uprightness of my Intentions. — That no sordid or selfish Views influence my Pen, but a sincere Desire of serving you, and assisting my Country. — That no pecuniary Temptation can lead me from what I think my Duty to persevere in, but that all my Writings are calculated *only* to answer one great End, namely, Your Welfare.

I SHALL not dwell any longer upon this Subject, however pleasing it may be, since I am well assured that you are all convinced of my Integrity; but I shall, in my usual Manner, wave the Discourse.

THE World is always anxious of being acquainted with the Personalities of a Man who has gained so great a Reputation by Writing as I have; and it is the Duty of the Author of the Seven Letters to the People of *England*, to inform you of the
Success

Success of his Pen in the Cause of Liberty. With this View I shall make no Apology for the following Discourse.

My Person is rather above the middle Stature,—a ruddy Complexion, and oval Visage, would decide against my Abilities, if a downcast Look, and stooping in my Shoulders, did not rescue my Parts, and throw a Veil over my Awkwardness, on which is painted the Depth of Meditation.

—This is as great an Apology for Unpoliteness as being Short-sighted,—and as I never take Notice of the Great in Public,—because they *very seldom* bow to me, so those of a level and beneath me, cannot be offended at my Absence.—So much for my Person and public Behaviour. The gay Companions of my festive Board—
(for by the By I keep a House, and Servants, —and take this with you I am no Cuck--d, as some Scotch Critics would insinuate, —and keep better Company than them,—a great deal better †.) — All allow me that
 Readiness

† As the Appendix to the *Occasional Critic* is now out of Print, *Ten Thousand* of them having been sold in less than a Week; I thought it would not be improper to give the *whole* Substance of that Pamphlet in this Place.

Readiness of Wit,—that Smartness of Repartee,—that *je ne scai quoi* in telling a Story, which compose a truly *Bonvivant*. Wherever I resort I am the Source of the Company's Pleasantry,—and whether they laugh at *me* or the Story, the End is equally answered.—If I am tiresome in my puerile Descriptions,—or with *Poote's* Cadwallader, they damn my *So's*.—I never offend—they drop off one by one, and the Coffee-Boy is at least Evidence of the Poignancy of my Story,—which I always form upon Mr. *Ironside's* Principle *, terminating it in the Epigrammatic Way.

I would willingly pass over in Silence my Pretensions to Learning, if some injudicious Hyper-critics, had not made so formidable an Attack upon my Erudition.

To convince you that I am a perfect Grecian, it will be only necessary to inform you, that I have actually translated a new *Homer's Illiad*, which I hope to turn to good Account, not so much for my own Emolument

* *Vide* The Guardian, No. 42.

Emolument, as for the Instruction, and Entertainment of you, my good Countrymen—when *Pope's erroneous* Version shall be forgot.

My great Knowledge of *Latin* is evinced by the Mottos prefixed to, and scattered upon and down these seven Letters.--You see I am as well acquainted with *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Pliny*, as I am with myself—and *γινώσκω σεαυτον* which in *English* is, *know thyself*, is my favourite Maxim—I prefixed it to the third Number of my *Spectator*---and as soon as I was acquainted with my Inability of supporting such a Paper---I dropt it. I then wrote my Practice of Physic, which, though my Bookseller complains of the Sale, I can assure you is the most perfect *Synopsis* of the *Materia Medica* in our Language. My *Lydia* came next---there is Entertainment---there is Satyr--read the Dedication--there is a bold manly]Stile--a Keeness of Irony unknown to any but myself.--I shall pass over *Angeloni's* Letters, for I really never got any thing by them, though I once ranked

E

them

them amongst my most masterly Productions.

BUT to return to my Learning—in a Word, I am Master of all *Arts* and *Sciences* whatever ; and I don't doubt you will believe this from my bare Testimony, as you are well acquainted with my Detestation of misrepresenting Facts—my Abhorrence of Self-praise—but where the Necessity is like this *absolute*. But if any of you, my Countrymen, the good People of *England*, should after the Six Letters I have wrote to you, still have the Effrontery to question my literary Pretensions,—I refer you to the abovementioned Productions—I refer you to the “Occasional Critic”—a stupendous Work ! which cost me two Years constant Labour and Application.

AFTER this it were needless to dwell longer upon my Abilities. The Success of my Pen in the Cause of Liberty, your Rights and Privileges, the Honour and Happiness of you, my Countrymen, the good People of *England*, comes next under Consideration.

THOUGH

THOUGH I cannot pretend to assert that my Letters have produced all *I could have wished*—though I shall not flatter you, I have *entirely* destroyed that *Hydra, Corruption*—demolished *Venality*—---or *extirpated Bribery*.—I can assure you—and I wish it were with *unfeigned* Satisfaction---that notwithstanding all the Arts I have used to detect Min—l Abuses—bring before the public Tribunal such unheard of Crimes, as might make the most brazen *Premier* of the Universe shudder—attacked *Juntos*---and I had almost said, destroyed *Cabals*---I have never once been offered a *Place*--a *Sine-cure*---or so much as a *Pension* to be silent. To what can this be owing, but to the Reformation my Writings have wrought? I may I think, then, congratulate *you* here, my Countrymen, upon the great, the surprising Success of my Productions--Not, but I must own I should have been better pleased, if this had been the last Species of Bribery exploded, and that I had been the last *Author* benefited by it.

THOUGH the many Arguments I have used, in my six preceding Letters, against continental Connections, and particularly espousing H-----n Interests; may not intirely have refuted former prejudiced Opinions in their Favour, or had all the Weight I hoped for: Yet let me again congratulate you, my Countrymen, upon the present State of a certain g---- E-----, which though it be not entirely annihilated, is so over-run by the *French*, * that there is much reason to expect it will be no further Burthen to us; and it is to the many learned and judicious Remonstrances in my six preceding Letters, that I assign its present State; for certainly the Force of my Arguments had their due Weight in preventing the Misapplication of our Fleets and Forces, in making a Diversion in favour of that E-----.

I FLATTER myself I need not point out

* Tho' the Success of the H-----ns (the News whereof came since the writing of this Passage) may, in some Measure, seem to eclipse the *Glory* of my *Pen*; I don't doubt but a strict adherence to my *Tenets*, may once more put H-----r, and indeed all *Germany*, into that agreeable Situation they were some Months ago.

to you the immediate and glorious Result of my Lucubrations, which so directly tend to destroy all continental Connections whatever; and that however judicious the planning—and however facile the Execution might be of our late Expedition upon *Rochefort*, since the possessing ourselves of that, or any other Port or Place in *France*, or any where upon the Continent, must destroy our National Maxim, *no continental Connections*, the Comm——rs acted with the utmost Prudence, in being guided by my judicious Reasonings, and returning without making *any Attack* whatever thereupon.

THE National Debt is a Grievance we have long laboured under, and there is much Reason to dread its accummulating, since the Ad——n will not adopt *those* wise and truly superior Projects of Mr. *Postlethwayte* and Mr. *Henriques*, in order to prevent Funding and Jobbing,—which might easily be done by persevering in raising the Supplies by *Guinea Lotteries*, half of which might be applied to the Use of the State, and as doubtless none would produce *less* than that of last Year. I say, my good Countrymen, since the M——y have
rejected

rejected raising any further Sums by Guinea-Lotteries, altho' I continue writing to you,—edifying you,—and converting you to true Patriots,—and would endeavour to perfect you in that Character, at a very moderate Premium upon every Ticket,—by which means such Lotteries would *doubtless* be *soon* filled,—as every and each of you would vie with one another in taking the greatest Number of Tickets, which was the Case in the last, and which doubtless must be attributed to the great good Effects of my Lucubrations among you; and as Jobbing and Funding are still permitted to have Sway, I cannot expect that these my *Letters* will soon reduce the National Debt,—*though I was once of that Opinion*. However, I will with the strictest Eye superintend it, and inform you from Time to Time,—for your Emolument (and my *Interest*) of its Increase.

As to your Taxes they must, I am afraid, subsist, as long as the National Debt continues; at least so many of them as are sufficient for paying the Interest thereof. If my Writings have not diminished your Taxes, they have at least diverted the
Channel

Channel of them ; for however grievous the late additional Impost upon News Papers, Stamps, &c. may be to the Liberty of the Press, and of Course to all Authors, and particularly those who are Advocates for the Rights and Privileges of their fellow Countrymen ; it certainly has exempted you the good People of *England*, who are not Retainers of the Muses, from the Burthen of some equivalent Tax upon the Necessaries or Conveniencies of Life. And as I look upon this Tax to have been entirely levelled at me and my Productions, in order to render the Profits of them of too small Importance to have attracted my Attention : So I look upon myself as the immediate Promoter of this Tax, and consequently among the many good Effects that have accrued to you, my Countrymen, the good People of *England*, from my six Letters already addressed to you, is to be placed that of having exempted you from a Tax proportionate to that imposed upon *Stamps* and *News Papers*.

I LIKEWISE lay Claim to a great Share of the Contest, that not many Months ago

ago arose between two certain great Com-
m---n---rs, concerning the Extent of their
Power in the Administration; and there-
fore I also impute to myself, in part, the
many Advantages we have gain'd, by that
State of Inaction, which for a considerable
Time subsisted, for want of an Administra-
tion. I at that Period, wrote a severe Satyr
upon the then expected M---ry, which
would not only have afforded ample Scope
for Animadversion, but also furnished you
with that valuable Information you always
find in my Productions—but unhappily
the opposite *Party* came in, and frustrated
my laudable Intent.

I SHALL only cite at present one more
Instance, of the great and uncommon Ef-
fects of my Pen, in support of the Protec-
tant Cause, the Vindication of your Laws,
Rights and Privileges, and in Defence
of your Liberties and Properties—that is
the unparalleled Success of my *Six Letters*,
in procuring the Means of supporting my-
self and my Family—and keeping me out
of Jail for Debt—the best part of the last
four Years.

THESE

THESE are the glorious, — these are the happy Effects, of my *Six Letters* to you, the good People of *England*, and I doubt not but this, and every succeeding Letter, — will be productive of as many proportionate Advantages to you — and to myself. — For it is with this truly laudable Intent I now write to you, in despite of *Scotch* snarling Critics, and all such Antagonists, — whose Invectives I nevertheless shall deign, from Time to Time, to refute, — where my Reply will any wise illustrate my own Character, and afford you Instruction.

It has been objected to my last Letter, that however severe I might have been upon the Adm——n for their Errors since the Commencement of this War, — however daringly I might have pointed out the Cause of our Misfortunes, either centering in the want of Heads or Hearts; I might have let the Ashes of a dead K——g rest in Quietness, nor untombed them to the Exposition of Malevolence. But my Countrymen, you the good People of

F

England

England, shall decide upon the Merits of the Case. You must needs recollect, it is near four Years since I first vouchsafed to grant you my Aid and Instruction in my First Letter. You must remember with what force of Argument I demonstrated the evil Effects of the Administration of the Grand Corrupter; with what justness of Comparison, I marked the Parallelarity of the Conduct of his Successor; how I traced Venality through all its hidden Recesses. Still did I persevere in the Paths of true Patriotism: All the Arts of wicked M——rs since the Revolution were revealed to you.——I first taught you that Fourteen Shillings out of Twenty, which you earned by the sweat of your Brows, were devoted to pamper H——n Parasites, or to fill those Coffers which the Sun ne'er views. I told you, and I suppose you believed it, that those who voted for Continental Interests were branded with the White H——e. Unawed by Power, undaunted by C——ts of K——g's-B——, and though my *Third Letter* had near procured me the ultimate End of all my Writings,——a Pillory,——I wrote

a *Fourth*, traduced the M——ry more than ever.——All the vilest Abuse of Billingsgate did I heap upon them,——I endeavoured, and I doubt not with Success, to prove, that the Cause of all our Miscarriages in *America*, and in the *Mediterranean*, were to be attributed to our corrupt wicked M——ry.

A *Fifth Letter* repeated my former Assertions,——What then was left for me to fill my *Sixth* with?——The Quantity there must be, and I had already repeatedly exhausted my Fund of Scurrility upon the Living.——I had nothing but the Dead to eke me out, a Two Shilling Pamphlet,——and who so proper as a defunct K——g?

I HOPE you are sufficiently convinced now, my Countrymen, of the uprightness of my Intentions, in traducing his late——. Nothing but the Necessity of pointing out to you the cause of our present unhappy Situation; the Misfortunes that ensued upon the Revolution, and particularly during the Reign of——; I and

above all, the Urgency of replenishing my Book; could have induced me to swerve from that Urbanity,—that Christian Charity,—which I so much commend in others.

A PARALLELLARITY of Circumstances, produces a Parallellarity of Consequences. I will tell you a Story. I was going along St. Giles's one Day, and so there was some Bricklayers a repairing a House, and so they had a Ladder against the Wall; a Coach and Cart meeting stopt up the Way;—a very worthy Gentleman,—I knew him perfectly well when I was at Bristol, quite a good sort of a Man, he and I have had many a Game at Backgammon together—no Pun by the Bye. —I say, this Gentleman coming along, could not get by; for the Cart and Coach coming along would have forced him against the Wall,—if he had not kicked a little Boy,—ay, and a pretty Boy he was too, about four Years old; he had had the Small Pox, so there was no danger of his Face being spoilt by it.—I say this Gentleman, this worthy Gentleman,

tleman, *which I know'd so well at Bristol,* would have been forced against the Wall, and dirtied all his Cloaths, if he had not kicked the little Boy under the Cart Wheel, which run over his Head, and killed him upon the Spot. The Gentleman was very sorry for it; but the Accident could not be avoided, considering the Situation the Gentleman was in, and the Danger there was of spoiling his Cloaths.

THIS Story needs no Comment; without it be to inform the Reviewers that it is not stole out of *Joseph Andrews*, as they have been pleased to say that in my Fourth Letter about the *Thief* was.

I HAVE a great mind to tell you another Story,——it's an excellent one, ifaith,——it's a little nasty,——tho' it does not regard the *Scotch*; but you know I shine the most in a sh--t--n Story.——Upon second Thoughts it will do charmingly for an Eighth Letter, and so I will keep it, 'till I deign to transmit my Thoughts to you, my good Countrymen, again.

I AM not insensible of the *Looseness* of my Language, in these my Letters to you the good People of *England*, particularly in those Parts—where I tell you Stories.—Every one knows the Sphere he appears in with the most *Eclat*.——that is mine.——and as the *Naïveté* of a Story always carries with it that Genuineness, which the most studied and pointed Relations never retain, I have been the less circumspect in those Parts with regard to Stile. My good Friends, the *Scotch Critics*, may make a Handle of this, if they will; but I shall anticipate them, by acquainting you, the good People of *England*, that I take more Pains in saying *Impudent Things* than in writing *Good Ones*. I am less sedulous about the Stile, than I am of the Abuse it conveys.

BUT to resume the thread of this Letter,——I desire particularly your Attention, my Countrymen, the good People of *England*, to what follows,——as it not only sets my Character, but my Capacity, in the most advantageous Light; and
wipes

wipes off intirely the Slurs and Imputations, thrown on me by the *Scotch Gentlemen Critics*.

IN my Fourth Letter, I took some Pains to mark out the *Turnpike Road* from North *America* to the Bay of *Biscay*; having since that Time had much Leisure upon my Hands, not having been lately employed in any Jobb, either by Bookseller or Gentleman (though I had great Hopes that the late Expedition would have brought Groats to my Mill; but, unfortunately for me, the Comm——r in Chief was *honourably acquitted*) I have actually drawn a Plan of the said Road, with an Account of all the Turnpikes, and different Tolls paid; to which is subjoined a List of the Houses of Call; by this any Captain of a Man of War, or a Privateer, may make sure of all the *French Merchantmen*, bound from thence to *America*, or from *America* to the Bay, ——if he *properly stations* himself.

I HAVE also the most excellent, and at the same Time, extensive Plan, for the
Advance-

Advancement of the Navigation of these Kingdoms.—It will at once render useless all further Attempts for a Northwest Passage to the South Seas ; and for that Reason I expect a very considerable Gratuity from the *H—B—* Company, whose lucrative and advantageous Trade, may, by any further Essays in the Discovery of the said Passage, become so generally known, that the *P—t* will be convinced of the Necessity of laying it open. I no less expect the greatest Recompence from the *E—I—* Company, as it will curtail the Navigation of their Ships near Two Thirds. It was my Intention, like Mr. *Postlethwayte's*, in his *True System*, to have only hinted at my Scheme, in order that the Government might make the Purchase, as they did of the *Recipe* for the *Stone* and *Gravel*, by a capital Sum ; but not having heard that Mr. *Postlethwayte* succeeded in his *Invention*, and as my *Project*, though the *most refined* imaginable, may not be a *Whit* more practicable than his, *particularly* at this Time ; in Imitation of the great *Henriques*, I have condescended to throw it upon

upon Paper, in hopes that by long Perseverance I may, as he has done, gain a couple of Hundred Pounds, though like his Scheme it may never be put in Execution, or upon Examination it be found an *Utopian Project*.

My Design is nothing less than this, as I have been much afflicted by the Loss of the *Doddington* Indiaman; and as the Length of the Voyage to our Company's Settlements is so great, so expensive and so dangerous; in order to prevent their Ships twice passing the Line in one Passage, I propose joining the *Danube* with the *Rhine*, and by the Cut from the *Mediterranean* to the *Red Sea*, make it a perfect and almost direct *Post Road* from hence to the *East-Indies*.

I DOUBT not but you, the good People of *England*, will all applaud the Invention; and own I have the good of my Country greatly at Heart, in planning this momentous Design, though snarling, growling, peddling, physical *Scotch Critics*, will not allow me all the Merit I lay claim to, in

the Production of my Six preceding Letters;—though they rail at me—envy me—and despise me as a Writer,—they must, if Truth has not forsook them, and they are not bereft of every Grain of Judgment, own I am an accomplished Projector!—Now, where is the Force of their late Sarcasms?—Who can read without smiling, their puny Wit—their low reptile Satyr—in saying I was fit for Bedlam.—Can any thing prove me more *Compos mentis* than this great, this wonderful Scheme—without it be the penning of my Six Letters?—They indeed are what I build my Reputation on—by them I stand or fall. Can he, who with so much Art, Address, and Judgment, discovered all the Wiles of Min——l Chicanery?—Can he, who with such truly machiavelian Skill, pointed out to you the Bulwark of your Liberties—their Infringements—their threatened overthrow—the Mirrour of Futurity—*Britannia* with one Leg chained—exclaiming against Bribery—still disowning the Sons of Venality and Corruption. Can he, who with more than *Mercator's* Knowledge, reprov'd the Errors of our great Son of

Neptune

Neptune—marked the Path, the *Turnpike Path* from *America* to the *Bay*—or in short, he, who can delineate the direct Post Road to the *East Indies*—be ranked a Madman? Answer my Countrymen—Answer it you, the good People of *England*. No, *I will answer for you*—It is impossible that a *true Patriot*, such a one as I have given you an Idea of—a *Political Writer*, such as you have found me to be—a *Lover of my Country*—such as I hope I shall always continue—can be a Bedlamite? Rather pronounce those illiterate Pseudo Critics so—who dare contest my Abilities, who dare oppose my Judgment—those malevolent Scribblers, those incendiary Hirelings, who with more than brazen Fronts, accuse me of Disaffection, of want of Principles, of being the Advocate of Popery and Slavery, and indefeasible Hereditary Right—who rank me as a Perturbator of the Peace and Tranquility of you, my good Countrymen—and an Enemy to my Country.

I must consider these Accusations with some Attention.

WHAT these *Hyper-geniuses* mean by *Dis-*

affection, I own I am at some Loss to comprehend, after the *learned* Disquisitions upon my Productions, they have favoured you with—what have they been labouring at? What have they endeavoured to prove? Not that I am disaffected sure—after my repeated Attachment for near four Years past to the *H——n* Family, now upon the Throne, their Friends and Adherents.

Want of Principles! Stark staring Mad. What are the Principles upon which I now write?—None—believe it not, the good People of *England*, they are such as are worthy Doctor ———, worthy a true Patriot, such as I have delineated, and such as I pique myself upon being.

An Advocate for Popery and Slavery!—I that have employed my Pen these four successive Years, in Defence of Protestantism, and the Liberties of *England*—I that profess being the Guardian of your *Rights* and *Privileges*, being attacked upon this Score, is like imputing to Majesty, the Intent of establishing republican Principles.

As

As to *Indefeasible Hereditary Right*, I shall say nothing upon that Score—it is beyond my Depth---though the History of *England* furnishes sufficient indisputable Authority for the contrary--as I would willingly, and must through Necessity oppose the common Opinion---in order to render myself popular. Strange as this Axiom may appear, it is founded on Truth---on-Experience.---The *Rabbit Woman*---the *Bottle Conjurer*---*Elizabeth Canning*, and Fifty other Examples might be produced to evince it.

A *Perturbator of the Peace*, I will allow myself to be, if to rouse you from your Lethargy, and paint to you those Vultures (*whether they be imaginary or real is foreign to my present Purpose*) who prey upon your Vitals; and would destroy not only You but your Posterity, your Laws, Liberties, Religion and Property—sacrifice you to *German Interests*, whilst *H-----n* Harpies fatten upon your Labour.

WHAT remains then to prove me *an Enemy to my Country*—I that have taken
such

such Pains to preserve both That and Its Liberties entire? There is not the least Shadow of Pretence for this Imputation, without it be, as some have asserted, that I am a *Jacobite*.

HOWEVER openly I may have avowed my Sentiments concerning our Conduct since the Revolution; however favourably I may have spoke of the Pretender, and whatever Hints I may have thrown out of the Felicity this Nation would enjoy under so peaceable and so religious a ———; I can assure you, my Countrymen,—nay, I positively inform you, from my very Soul, I am no *Jacobite*. And as I think it incumbent on me to wipe off any such Imputation, that may be thrown upon my Character, I shall, in this place, define what a *Jacobite* is.

If I am not mistaken this Word was originally applied to a Sect among the Eastern Christians, so called from *Jacob Bardeus*, a Syrian Disciple to *Eutyches* and *Dioscorus*, whose Heresy he spread so much in *Asia* and *Africa*, in the beginning of

of the Sixth Century, that in the Seventh Century all the different Sects of the *Eutychians*, went by the common Name of *Jacobites*, namely such as acknowledge only one Nature, and that the human in Christ, denying the Trinity. Now as I am a staunch Protestant, and have never swerved from the Tenets of my Religion, — though I have not been at Church these four Years ; I cannot possibly come under the Denomination of a *Jacobite*, in this Sense.

As to the Acceptation of it, signifying those who espouse the Cause of King *James* the Second, and the Succession of his pretended Son ; I can by no means allow of it, as it has always been used, when applied to Parties, in a vague indeterminate Sense. During the Tory Ministry of Queen *Anne*, all the Whigs were *Jacobites*, — and now the Whigs ride triumphant, the Tories have changed Sides, and become *Jacobites* in Turn. If being out of Power, and censuring those in, is to be a *Jacobite*, I have been one ; but I shall never admit of the Word with that Definition ;

tion; and if you, my Countrymen, would know my Authority, I refer you to my Lexicon, now compiling, and which I hope will some Time or other be published under the Auspices of a generous Patron.

BUT if we were to go so far as to allow that he is a *Jacobite* who is a Partisan of the Pretender; that to sow the Seeds of Sedition amongst you, my Countrymen, is the Act of a Traitor; and that to instigate you against the present F—y, your Rulers and Governors, is being a Rebel; would that prove me either the one or the other. I write for Liberty, and the Protestant Cause?—It is true I have praised King *James* the Second, and represented King *W——m* as little better than a ———; railed at the *H——n* Succession, and their Measures; endeavoured to prove that we are sacrificed to *German* Interests,—and devoured by *H——n* Harpies; but surely you, my Countrymen, cannot imagine I meant to raise any Commotions in the State in this time of public Danger,—that I wanted to subvert the Form of Government,—or excite you to
take

take up Arms in favour of a Popish Pretender.—Far be any of these Intentions from me ; I have often publicly declared, and I tell you now in Print, that I write for a *Post* or a *Pillory*. I have no Enmity to the present F——y, I care not who is ——; I would take the Oaths of Allegiance to the Great Mogul —— for a *Place of Five Hundred a Year*.

Now I have thus ingenuously laid my Sentiments before you, and the Intent of my political Writings ; you must be convinced that I am not a *Jacobite*, but a true Patriot ; that I am not disaffected to the present Fam——y, but very stedfastly and interestedly attached to them,—for if they will not give me a Place to support me, I must persevere in abusing them.—It is a great Happiness for you, my Countrymen,—that *I must eat*,—for as long as I find any Craving that way, I shall continue a *Political-Writer*, and *True Patriot*.—Every fresh Dun invigorates my Stile,—strenghtens my Arguments,—and makes my Deductions more clear and evident. A long Butcher's Bill may be the *Primum*

Mobile of an Eighth Letter,—and if it should require a quick Payment, it may be *stronger*, and more *home*, than any of my former.

You see upon what honest Principles I write—*the Payment of my Debts*—No Party pique—no personal Resentment steeps my Pen in Gall. No wonder then, my Countrymen, my Writings should have such Weight among you—no wonder you should so strenuously adhere to my Tenets.—No wonder I should have such Influence over you—or you should be so sedulous to demonstrate to me the Marks of your Friendship—I know you—I confide in you—there is not a Man of you all but would risk his whole Fortune for my Protection and Assistance; *if he were not taken ill of the Gripes the Day I was to be bailed*. You are my Disciples—I am your Champion—I will continue being the Guardian of your Liberties.—No Power on Earth shall disunite me from you—as long as you purchase my *Letters*, and give vent to four Editions. No Authority what, ever shall silence me—but I will thunder forth

forth the Complaints of the Nation—the
 Grievances of my Countrymen—and
 though the White H---e neigh and kick,
 still will I lash on---'till I bring him to a
 state of Subjection to the Lion. In short,
 nothing shall stem the Torrent of my
 Rage---nor Pillories---nor Gibbets---nor
 Fetters---nor Messengers---nor want of
 Bail--but a PENSION! Then my Work
 is finished—that obtained, your Liberties,
 your Properties are insured--*Magna Charta*,
 and the *Act of Settlement* are renewed—
H-----n Harpies are no more---*British*
 Interests are no longer sacrificed to *German*
 Measures----but the Revolution becomes
Great Britain's Blessing, and the *Hano-*
verian Succession, your only Security from
 Popery, Slavery and Wooden Shoes.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 13, Line 11, for *Pariot*, 'read *Pa-*
triot---l. 21, for *suits*, r. *suit*.---P. 23, l. 22,
 'or *insluting*, r. *insulting*,

forth the Complaints of the Nation—the
Grievances of my Countrymen—and
though the White Man—cruel and sick,
still will I talk on—till I bring him to a
state of Subjection to the Nation. In doing
nothing shall I fear the Torment of my
Rage—not Pillories—not Galleys—not
Fetters—not Whippings—not any of
Hell—but a PENSION! To my Words
is finished—that obtained your Liberator
your Properties attached—your Country
and the rights of the African—
He—no more—Bonds—
Laws are no longer—turned to German
Masters—your Nation becomes
Great Britain's—the Slave
your Succession—Security from
Poverty, Slavery and Golden Shoes.



P. 1. V. 1. 2.

E. R. A. T. A.

Page 12, Line 11, for Parol, read P. 1.
Line 12, for Line, read Line 12.
of the, read of the.

